

And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirtie three yeares haue I but gone in trauaile
Of you my sonnes, and till this present houre
My heauie burthen are deliuered:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Natiuity,
Go to a Gossips feaſt, and go with mee,
After ſo long greeſe ſuch Natiuitie.

Duke. With all my heart, Ile Gossip at this feaſt.

*Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and
two Brothers.*

S.Dro. Maſt. ſhall I fetch your ſtuffe from ſhipbord?

E. An. Dromio, what ſtuffe of mine haſt thou imbarke?

S.Dro. Your goods that lay at hoſt fir in the Centaur.

S. Ant. He ſpeakes to me, I am your maſter *Dromio.*

Come go with vs, wee'l looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, reioyce with him.

S.Dro. There is a ſat friend at your maſters houſe,
That kitchen'd me for you to day at dinner:

She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife.

E.D. Me thinks you are my glaſſe, & not my brother:

I ſee by you, I am a ſweet-fac'd youth,

Will you walke in to ſee their goſſipping?

S.Dro. Not I ſir, you are my elder.

E.Dro. That's a queſtion, how ſhall we trie it.

S.Dro. Wee'l draw Cuts for the Signior, till then,
lead thou firſt.

E.Dro. Nay then thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother:

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

Exeunt.

FINIS.



Much adoe about No

Actus primus, Scena prima.

*Enter Leonato Gouverneur of Meſſina, Innogen his wife, He-
ro his daughter, and Beatrice his Neece, with a meſſenger.*

Leonato.

I learne in this Letter, that Don Peter of Arra-
gon, comes this night to Meſſina.

Meſſ. He is very neere by this: he was not
three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen haue you loſt in this
action?

Meſſ. But few of any ſort, and none of name.

Leon. A victorie is twice it ſelfe, when the archieuer
brings home full numbers: I finde heere, that Don Pe-
ter hath beſtowed much honor on a yong Florentine, cal-
led Claudio.

Meſſ. Much deſeru'd on his part, and equally remem-
bered by Don Pedro, he hath borne himſelfe beyond the
promiſe of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the
feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better betted expectation,
then you muſt expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an Vnckle heere in Meſſina, will be very
much glad of it.

Meſſ. I haue already deliuered him letters, and there
appeares much ioy in him, euen ſo much, that ioy could
not ſhew it ſelfe modeſt enough, without a badg of bit-
terneſſe.

Leo. Did he breake out into teares?

Meſſ. In great meaſure.

Leo. A kinde ouerflow of kindneſſe, there are no fa-
ces truer, then thoſe that are ſo waſh'd, how much bet-
ter is it to weepe at ioy, then to ioy at weeping?

Bea. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto return'd from
the warres, or no?

Meſſ. I know none of that name, Lady, there was
none ſuch in the armie of any ſort.

Leon. What is he that you aſke for Neece?

Hero. My couſin meanes Signior Benedicke of Padua.

Meſſ. O he's return'd, and as pleaſant as euer he was.

Bea. He ſet vp his bills here in Meſſina, & challeng'd
Cupid at the Flight: and my Vnckles foole reading the
Challenge, ſubſcrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at
the Burbole. I pray you, how many hath hee kil'd and
eaten in theſe warres? But how many hath hee kil'd? for
indeed, I promis'd to eate all of his killing.

Leon. Faith Neece, you taxe Signior Benedicke too
much, but hee'l be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Meſſ. He hath done good ſeruice Lady in theſe wars.

Bea. You had muſty victuall, and he hath holpe to
eate it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an
excellent ſtomacke.

Meſſ. And a good ſ
Bea. And a good ſ
to a Lord?

Meſſ. A Lord to a
all honourable vertues.

Bea. It is ſo indeed
but for the ſtuffing wel

Leon. You muſt not
a kind of merry war be
they neuer meet, but th
them.

Bea. Alas, he gets n
ſtick, ſoure of his hue w
the whole man govern
wit enough to keepe hi
for a difference between
is all the wealth that he
nable creature. Who i
euery month a new ſwo

Meſſ. I ſt poſſible?

Bea. Very eaſily po
the faſhion of his hat, it

Meſſ. I ſee (Lady)

bookes.

Bea. No, and he we
I pray you, who is his c
quarer now, that will
diuell?

Meſſ. He is moſt in
Claudio.

Bea. O Lord, he wi
he is ſooner caught the
runs preſently mad. Go
haue caught the Benedi
pound ere he be cur'd.

Meſſ. I will hold frie

Bea. Do good friend

Leo. You'l ne're run

Bea. No, not till a he

Meſſ. Don Pedro is ap

*Enter don Pedro, Cl
and Iob*

Pedro. Good Signio
your trouble: the faſhio
and you encounter it.

Leon. Neuer came tro
of your Grace: for trou
remain: but when you
and happineſſe takes his